

[William Lux]

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions :

V I Z.

The *GARDEN*.
The *PHÆNOMENON*,
A Poem on the late
Surprizing *Meteor*, seen
in the Sky, *Mar.* 19th.
1719.

A *VISION*, relating
to the *Church of Eng-*
land.

The *HTMN*, being
a Paraphrase on the
148th *Psalm*.

To a Young *LADY*,
coming out of *Mourn-*
ing.

A *Dialogue* between
Venus and *Cupid*, Para-
phras'd from *LUCIAN*.

————— *GARDENS* and *Fields*,
With all the Joys that unmix'd *Nature* yields.

Cowley.

——— *Humanas motura Tonitrua Mentes*.

Ov. Metam.

O X F O R D :

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The P R E F A C E.

IT may be, perhaps, expected, that Something shou'd be here Premis'd, with Relation to the Ensuing *Performances*. Wherefore, to comply with Custom in this Particular (tho' the Smalness of this *Collection* will hardly Justify the Solemnity of a *Preface*) the Author is willing to imagine, that, having been written at distant Times, and leisure Hours, for the Diversion of Himself and Friends, *They* will Favourably be receiv'd and constru'd by the Equitable and Ingenuous *Reader*.

For the more Critical and Censorious they were not design'd, as being the Productions of Youth; and it is presum'd that some Pieces will prove Palatable to some Sort of Readers, tho' They smell not of Argumentation or Controversial Divinity, which the present *Age* seems extremely fond of.

The Preface.

of. It is humbly conceiv'd They will be never the worse lik'd of, tho' the Names of *B-----r*, *S-----pe*, or *S-----k* be not mention'd in every other Page.

The Poem on the *Garden* was calculated for the Meridian of those Gentlemen, who are Friends to that laudable and inoffensive Diversion of a *Garden*; concerning which several Elegant and Improving *Pieces* have been Lately publish'd by several Curious and Knowing Gentlemen, but especially by an ingenious (*a*) Clergyman, and a celebrated (*b*) Naturalist.

The Second *Poem* was occasionally written on the late Surprizing *Phænomenon* seen in the Sky, *March* 19th. 1719. An uncommon Appearance doubtless it was, and which deserves the Management of no common Pen! This *Poem* was principally design'd for those Persons, who are not so credulous, with the Vulgar, to believe

(*a*) Mr. *Laurence*, Rector of *Yelvertoft* in *Northampton-shire*.

(*b*) Mr. *R. Bradley*, F. R. S.

every

The Preface.

every Meteor a Miracle, and every Flash of Lightning a sure Prognostick of the End of the World; nor yet was it intended for those Readers, who are willing to give Credit to Nothing but Mathematick Demonstration, and who always endeavour to account for extraordinary Events after the ordinary and usual Course of Nature. For let the Naturalist render what Account he pleases of Other *Phænomena's*, yet certainly this Last Appearance in the Sky was so Terrible and Shocking to Most Spectators, as to seem to carry with it an evident Token and Signal of Divine Displeasure.

The *Vision* alluding to the *Church of England*, was written in Honour of that Primitive and Apostolical *Church*; as also in Memory of the True *Mother*, and *Defender* of it, Her Late most Sacred MAJESTY, Who, 'tis hop'd, is mention'd in the *Poem* with the Respect due to Her Exalted Character.

The

The Preface.

The *Paraphrase* on the 148th *Pſalm* Sufficiently, I hope, Recommends it ſelf to the Ears and Thoughts of Every *Pious* Reader. And I wiſh that *Divine* Poefie, as it is moſt Excellent of all Other, ſo it were treated with that Eſteem amongſt Us, which its Genuine *Worth* deſerves. Tho' now I begin to entertain ſome Hopes, that It will recover it's ancient Luſtre and Dignity, ſince *One* of our beſt Modern (*a*) *Authors* has lately employ'd his Poetical Talent in an Elegant *Paraphraſe* on a certain Portion of *Scripture*.

The Two Final *Pieces* will, it is preſum'd, prove Acceptable to that Soft and Tender *Sex* which was the firſt Occaſion of Them.

(*a*) See Mr. Prior's *Paraphraſe* on *Solomon* of the *Vanity* of the *World*.

The GARDEN.

THOU *God of Days*, who guid'st the rolling Year,
At whose Approach the springing Greens
appear ;

The Flow'rs are fann'd by breathing Western Winds,
A genial Warmth the frozen Soil unbinds ;
Who know'st the Pow'r of Herbs, do Thou describe
The Glories of thy *Vegetable Tribe* :

Or aid thy Bard, not lightly to rehearse
A *Garden's* Beauties, in a moving Verse.

Let Fancy all her brightest Colours bring,
To Gild the Flow'rs, and Paint the purple Spring ;
And whilst I write, may Nature rule my Lines,
As in those Flow'rs, unmix'd with Art, she shines.

Nor let pale *Ivy* round my Temples twine,
But let the Nectar of the native *Vine*,
Which in the *Garden* grows, inspire my Lays,
To nobler Bards I leave the barren *Bays*.

As from a spacious *Hall* we bend our Way,
And down the Stairs our sloping Steps convey,

A fair (a) *Partérre* our ravish'd Senses meets,
 Where Nature revels in a Wild of Sweets :
 Some charming Flow'rs diffuse a rich Perfume,
 And some in never-fading Colours bloom.
 Here (b) *Amarantbs* their Scarlet-Tops unfold,
 And (c) *Heliotropes* exalt their bloomy Gold ;
 (That ope' their Yellow Faces to the Day,
 But pine, and languish, if the Sun's away)
 The Gay *Carnation* on the flow'ry Bed,
 Here mingles with the *Rose's* purer Red ;
 The *Lilies* here a spotless White display,
 That adds new Beauty to the gilded Day :
 Bright *Tulips* here a gawdy Dress disclose,
 And there the *Violet's* early Purple glows.

The *Vegetable* (d) *Indies* center here,
 And in their freshest, foreign Bloom appear ;
 The *Greens* of either World, both Old and New,
 Within the large Enclosure rise to View :
Exotick Plants along the Borders rise,
 Nor ask the Fervor of their native Skies,
 Their absent Sun a common Fire supplies ;
 They stand secur'd by their surrounding Bow'rs,
 And scorn the Snowy Sleet, and driving Show'rs :

(a) The Flower-Garden. (b) The Flower-Gentle, or *Floramour* ;
Gallice Passerelours. (c) The Sun-Flower. (d) Foreign Plants
 and Flowers.

And

And when the keener Winds begin to spoil
 With Wintry Blasts, the *Natives* of the Soil,
 These Foreign Plants their rising Honours rear,
 And keep the Spring Eternal thro' the Year.

Thus in the Fair (a) *Hesperian* Isles was seen
 The springing Flow'r, and never-fading Green:
 His ravish'd Readers thus the Poet leads
 Thro' Fairy Bow'rs, and thro' Elysian Meads;
 Where bright imaginary Prospects rise,
 And airy Landskips move before their Eyes:
 Themselves agreeably Deceiv'd they find,
 And bless the gay Creation of the Mind.

The bow'ry Labyrinths attract our Eyes,
 At once they Please the Gazers, and Surprise;
 Whose mystick Shades expel the brightest Day,
 Nor to the secret Scene admit the searching Ray:
 While from the soft Recess of yonder (b) Grove,
 The feather'd Natives warble out their Love.

From ev'ry Bank officious Zephyrs bear
 The fresh Perfumes, and waft thro' ambient Air;
 The (c) *Nereids* and the Fountain-Nymphs below,
 Their Sports and Wonders in the Waters show;

(a) The famous Garden of the *Hesperides* on the West-Coast of *Africk*, suppos'd to have been situated on *Cape Verde*, or in the *Canary Isles*. (b) The Grove. (c) A Fountain.

Behold the liquid Element aspire
 Like its Ascending Opposite, the Fire !
 On Pedestals the breathing Statues stand,
 The fair Creation of the (a) Sculptor's Hand !

The redd'ning (b) *Orange* here our Eyes behold,
 That full displays her vegetable Gold ;
 While (c) *Limes* and *Sycamores* the Walks compose,
 And *Ever greens* extend their even Rows.
 Square is the Figure, a large Wall the Bound,
 On whose calm Sunny Sides the fairest Fruits are found.
 See there the *Vine* her Purple Harvest spread,
 Her Arms she stretches, and exalts her Head,
 And greedily drinks in the neighb'ring Day,
 And glows, and ripens with a warmer Ray.
 The glossy *Plums*, and downy *Peaches* stand
 Expos'd, to tempt the gath'ring Female's Hand.
 A dusky Coat surrounds the juicy *Pears*,
 A yellower White the Virgin *Apple* wears ;
 The *Nectarins* display their ruddier Hue,
 As if they blush'd their am'rous Sun to view.
 Th' ambitious *Jess'min* climbs around the Bow'rs,
 The *Myrtle* shares my *Celia's* softest Hours ;
 And the glad *Woodbine* wreaths in Folds of Love,
 To form a Shade about Her, and above.

(a) *Statues.* (b) *The Orangery.* (c) *The Walks.*

Bright

Bright *Quinces* here a *Golden* Hue disclose,
And with a *riper* Red the full *Pomegranate* glows.

Behold another Spot, less known to Fame,
Which from the neighb'ring (a) *Kitchen* takes the Name ;
And holds each Plant which wise Physicians use,
Who from th' Alembick catch the vital Juice ;
Or who the Chymist's wond'rous Art display,
And drain the Vegetable Life away.

Hence *Artichokes* (their Heads high rais'd in Air)
Regale the Palate with delicious Fare ;

Here weighty *Melons* over-shade the Ground,
And mixt with bellying *Cucumbers*, abound,
(So Virtue flags, unless a Prop be found!)

Here's wholsome *Rue*, with all-restoring *Sage*,
Of Sov'reign Virtue to relieve Old-Age.

Asparagus hence yields a rich Repast,
And sudden springs from Earth, to please the nicest
This Spot is with the richest *Sallads* stor'd, (Tast.
And *Herbs* that crown th' abstemious Poet's Board ;
Thus with the *Bee*, my Labours I prolong,
And cull from ev'ry Plant, to crown my Song.

Not *Asia*, which prevents the Plowman's Toil,
Nor *Italy's* fair Realms, and happy Soil ;

(a) The Kitchen-Garden.

Nor that fair (a) *Garden*, which so sweetly lies
 In the warm Limits of the Southern Skies,
 Upon th' extremest Point of *Africk's* Shores,
 (Where round the *Cape* the troubled Ocean roars,)
 That lovely Spot, manur'd at *Belgia's* Cost,
 Can scarce a richer Glebe, or fairer Prospect boast.

Nor fam'd *Canaria's*, or (b) *Bermuda's* Isles,
 Whereon a temp'rate Heav'n for ever Smiles;
 Whose blooming Hills, and ever-fertile Plains
 Still flourish, and look Green in *Waller's* Strains.

This only to that sacred Garden yields,
 Once fix'd by Heav'n in *Eden's* happy Fields;
 Delicious Spot! whose Glories none excel,
 Which (c) *Milton's* Pencil cou'd describe so well;
 So warm his Colours, his Design so new,
 The painted Flow'rs seem fairer than the True.

'Twas this deserv'd great (d) *Virgil's* sacred Lays,
 Well-pleas'd he sung the fam'd *Corycian's* Praise,
 That in a *Garden* pass'd his well-spent Days;
 Wherein such real Happiness he sought,
 (e) He rival'd wealthiest Monarchs in his Thought.

(a) The *Dutch-Garden* at the *Cape of Good Hope* in *Africk*. (b)
 See Mr. *Waller's* Description of the *Summer Islands*, in his *Poems*.
 (c) See Mr. *Milton's* Description of *Paradise*, B. 4. of his *Poem*.
 (d) See *Virgil's* Character of the *Corycian Yeoman's Garden*.
Georg. 4. (e) — *Regum aquabat opes animis* —

To these cool Shades *Philander* oft retires,
 And shuns the Heav'ns broad Eye, and scorching Fires;
 Hither the matchless *Cælia* too repairs,
 To sooth his Sorrows, and unbend his Cares.
 At her Approach, behold, the vernal Skies
 Attract new sprightly Glories from her Eyes;
 From her sweet Breath the Flow'rs their rich Perfume,
 And from her Cheeks derive a brighter Bloom:
 The spouting Waters her calm Hours beguile,
 And all around, the Statues seem to Smile.
 A *Garden's* silent Shade she makes her Choice,
 And in these Arbors tries her Heav'nly Voice;
 While *Philomel* lies hush'd, and sits in Pain,
 With Envy list'ning to a sweeter Strain:
 Thus in a blissful *Paradise* above,
 Bright Angels Sing, and tune their Voice to Love.

Thrice Happy *Sons* of *England's* Church! who love
 The silent *Garden*, or sequester'd *Grove*;
 Who the loud Hurry of Mankind forsake,
 And Angel's better Company partake;
 Who like their Saviour (warm'd with Holy Fire)
 To *Gardens*, and to Solitudes retire:
 Who there the Gospel-Truths (to Rapture wrought)
 Maturely ponder in their ripen'd Thought;

Or

Or with a Friend, their chearful Minutes pass,
 With mixt Refreshments of the sober Glas.
 They fill their Tubes, and leisurely peruse
 The Plans of Foreign, and Domestick News;
 They see how proud the *Turkish* Crescents shine,
 Enlightning now the *Poles*, and now the *Line*:
 How swift the *German Eagles* fly, how far
 Are spread the Banners of th' aspiring *Czar*;
 Secure and unconcern'd, lest haughty *Spain*
 Shou'd e'er approach *Britannia's* Shores again.

Here too the Muse, who consecrates our Lyres,
 With Thirst of Fame my youthful Bosom fires;
 Nor less the Genius of the Place conspires
 To prompt my Rhymes, when I'm supinely laid
 Beneath the rev'rend *Oak's* diffusive Shade.
 Here with the Birds the Confort I prolong,
 The murm'ring Waters answer to my Song:
 And may my longer-liv'd, yet humble Lays
 Still flourish as the Flow'rs, they strive to Praise.

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The^(a) Phænomenon.

*A P O E M on the late Surprising
METEOR seen in the Sky, Mar. 19. 1718-19.*

When ample Cities, with fair Turrets crown'd,
Some furious Earthquake levels with the
Ground,

We tremble at the Shock, and direful Noise,
Whose single Crash a Thousand Lives destroys.

(b) *Vincentia's* Island from its Roots was rent,
(If Fame aright that Wonder represent)

When Forests lately to the Skies were tost,
Vast Hills upheav'd, and even a People lost.

Now let me ev'ry Circumstance disclose,
How in the Skies a greater Wonder rose ;

(a) A Description of this strange Meteor is Publish'd, from authentick Letters of Correspondents, by the Learned Mr. *Whiston*, to whose Observations on it I refer the Reader. (b) The Island of *St. Vincent* is One of the *Caribbees*, which are in Number about Thirty, in the Form of a Segment of a Circle. Reported in our News Papers to have been destroy'd, either by an Earthquake, subterraneous Fire, or after some other strange Manner, tho' with what certainty, I cannot determine. An Account of this Wonder may be seen in the *Mercurius Politicus* for the Month of June 1718.

Which I can yet recount with pleasing Pain,
 For deep th' Impressions in my Breast remain.
 Late when the *Sun* roll'd down the western Way,
 His Chariot shining with a fainter Ray,
 The silver Moon appear'd serenely bright,
 And o'er the Globe diffus'd a keener Light;
 The Planets, and illustrious Stars were seen,
 In mystick Circles dancing round their Queen:
 A strange (a) *Appearance* fill'd us with Surprise,
 The Dread of Hearts, and Wonder of all Eyes!

The Skies unclos'd, and with prodigious *Light*
 Encreas'd the Lustre of that Starry Night;
 Thro' the wide Hemisphere, with sudden Blaze,
 It darted to the *South* it's stranger Rays;
 As tho' the Sun (who lately roll'd away)
 Return'd afresh, his Glories to display,
 And gild our Region with a second Day.
 Soon after this (the frightened Ear to wound)
 Strange *Thunders* eccho'd in no common Sound;
 Like *Cannons*, when their brazen Voices rise,
 And *Drums* unbrac'd, when a poor Soldier dies;

(a) This Delineation of it, which I here present the Reader with,
 answers exactly to my own Notion of this *Phænomenon*, (I having
 both seen and heard it my Self,) and also to the Description given
 of it by Others.

That

That all the direful Scene resembl'd well
 A Cannon's Sound, let the sad Hearers tell:
 First springs the *Flame*, the *Thunder* next descends,
 And in a Trail of *Smoak* the Vision ends.

(a) So e'er *Jerusalem* resign'd her Tow'rs,
 And stately Temple to the *Roman* Pow'rs,
 Strange Thunders roar, unusual Lightnings fly,
 And fancy'd Armies seem to Combat in the Sky.

Hence *Newton* will perhaps his Schemes advance,
 To solve the *Comets*, and their mystick Dance;
 How from the vast *Æthereal* Wilds above
 They come, and thro' the Deep of Heav'n they move
 Prone to the Central Sun, and thence return
 Recruited with new Fires, that with new Fury burn:
 They shed Contagion from their fiery Glare,
 And fright the Nations with a Trail of Hair.

(b) So dreadful lately did the Lights appear,
 Which spread o'er all the *Northern Hemisphere*;

(a) The remarkable Prodigies, before the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, are sufficiently taken Notice of by that Learned Historian *Josephus*, in his Book of the Wars of the *Jews*. (b) This other Appearance in the Sky, which Thousands of Spectators besides my Self beheld to their great Surprize in the Year 1715, has been describ'd both by Mr. *Whiston*, in a small Treatise then Printed, and by Dr. *Halley* in his Lecture at *Oxford*, since Publish'd in the *Philosoph. Transactions*.

When *Sol*, retiring to his Western Bed,
 Shot from his Source of Fire a deeper Red ;
 One sudden Flash succeeds, as one expires,
 And Heav'n shot thick it's momentary Fires.

From this Event perhaps some (a) *Merlin* sings
 The Fate of Empires, and the Fall of Kings ;
 What strange Portents, and dire Disasters wait
Spain's haughty Monarch, or the *British* State ;
 Or that the *Gallick* King must yield to Death,
 And by a *Spaniard's* Hand resign his Breath.
 We need not wonder at Aerial Knights,
 At Elemental Combats, and Strange Fights,
 When Earthly Monarchs thus renew their Jars,
 And even all *Europe* is involv'd in Wars.
 We need not wonder at this fatal Light,
 Thus sent by Heav'n the guilty World to Fright,
 When other (b) *Julian's* against Heav'n appear,
 Nor own the *Galilean's* Empire here :
 When Schism distracts the Church's hapless Fate,
 And wild Sedition over-runs the State :

(a) A famous Old *British* Prophet, or *Soothsayer*. (b) *Julian* was an infamous Apostate, who at his Death cried out to our Saviour, *Vicisti Galilee*.

When

When other impious (a) *Arius's* deny,
In his own *House*, the *Son's* Divinity.

When even the Church's Dignitaries strive,
And long exploded Heresies revive.

When *P—ce* and *T—d* wildly Preach, and Write
Against their Reason's, and Religion's Light;

A-fresh they Crucify the Christian Name,
And put their Saviour to a second Shame:

While *B—*'s Pen, Christ's Kingdom to display,
Explains his Kingdom, and his Church away.

As when that (b) King, who gave *Assyria* Law,
In nightly Dreams a mystick Image saw:

Sublimely rais'd, and wond'rous to behold,
The glorious Vision wore a Head of Gold;

With brazen Sides, and silver Arms and Breast,

While baser Metal still compos'd the rest:

It's Iron Legs unusual Strength display,

It's Feet were form'd of Iron, mix'd with Clay.

Such seems our *Church*, which many a Rent divides,

And breaks her Union into various Sides:

This Head of Gold has strange distracted Hearts,

And Heresies compose th' inferior Parts;

(a) Founder of a noted Heresy lately reviv'd. (b) *Nabuchad-
nazzar*. See *Dan*. Chap. 2.

Still may this sacred Head preserve its Sway,
Nor to the stronger Iron yield the Day!

Hail *England's* Mother-Church! thy Saviour's Bride,
Oft in the Furnace of Affliction try'd!

Each bright Appearance, which in Air we see,
Shall, while it wounds thy Foes, enlighten Thee.

Presumptuous Men! who dare Affront their God,
Must feel the Burden of his Iron Rod!

Go deck thy Brows with Beauty's Heav'nly Ray,
And let thy Tinsel Charms outshine the Day;

Yet wilt thou still thy Helpless self defend,
Or with supreme Omnipotence contend?

Can thy weak Arm his strong Decrees confound,
With equal Ardor can thy *Lightnings* wound,
Or can'st thou *Thunder* with an Equal Sound?

(a) What Terrors did our throbbing Hearts invade,
When *Sol's* fair Lustre wore a dreadful Shade?
When late the Lunar Orb, with Night o'ergrown,
Obscur'd the Splendor whence she took her Own;
When anxious Nations his short Absence mourn'd,
Yet to the longing Eyes his sprightly Beams return'd.

(a) A greater *Eclipse* than which has not been seen in *England* for some Hundreds of Years. See an Account of it in the *Philosoph. Transactions*, for the Year 1715. Numb. 343. by Dr. *Halley*.

This seems an Emblem of that solemn Day,
 When Earth shall melt, its Elements decay,
 And all the lower Heav'ns be swept away.
 Before th' Approaches of which fearful Time,
 When Heav'n shall Visit for each Nation's Crime,
 The darken'd Sun shall his lost Glory mourn,
 And into Blood the paler Moon shall turn;
 Dire Comets shall display their fatal Hair,
 And ghastly Meteors shoot in ambient Air;
 Whose ev'ry Flash and Sparkle ~~now~~ proclaims,
 That this fair World must sink in future Flames.

A Vision

A VISION,

Relating to the CHURCH *of* England.

A Gentle Sleep late stole upon my Breast,
 And lull'd my Senses into silent Rest;
 'Twas in the Season of the Youthful Earth,
 When genial *Phæbus* gives the Fruits a Birth,
 When *May* sits Smiling in the Rural Bow'rs,
 And dress'd in all the gaudy Pride of Flow'rs.
 In a cool *Arbor*, whose refreshing Shade
 By Mother Nature seem'd for Slumbers made,
 Yet tho' gay Nature there we chiefly view,
 Her Handmaid Art had brought her Symbol too:
 Each Side were crested Oaks, and all around
 Fresh Flow'rs were scatter'd on the gaudy Ground.
 Amidst the Center of the pleasing Cell
 Was heard the tuneful Voice of *Philomel*,
 Who charm'd our Ears, and watch'd as Sentinel.

I stood, methought, and did with Wonder view
 A graceful (a) *Matron*, yet Obliging too,

(a) The Church of England.

Her Hands were lifted, and her serious Eye
 Reveal'd a Sweetness, mix'd with Majesty ;
 On her fair Head dishevell'd Locks she bore,
 And White as *Innocence*, a Garment wore ;
 'Twas White indeed, but here, and there, a Flaw,
 With *Tyrian* Colours intermixt, I saw.

At her Right hand her awful *Prelates* stood,
 Whom I with pleasing Stupefaction view'd ;
 Each in his Hand a mystick *Scepter* bore,
 And ev'ry Head a willing *Mitre* wore.
 And of a Form Angelick, at her Side,
 A modest (*a*) Face my curious Eye espy'd :
 This *Cafe* (thought I) of such a beauteous Mein,
 Deserves to lodge a Nobler *Gem* within.
 But at her Left I saw a num'rous (*b*) Throng,
 Who with their lighted Faggots march'd along ;
 That in a chearful Song resign'd their Breath,
 In Tortures They Rejoic'd, and Smil'd in Death.

I rose and Bow'd, nor did my Rev'rence fail
 Of Acceptation, They return'd, All Hail !
 And thus the *Matron* Spake, her Fortune to bewail. }

(*a*) The Reverend Dr. S——l. (*b*) The *Martyrs* in Queen
Mary's Days.

Thou see'st (she cry'd) Thou see'st my (a) *Off-spring* here
 Once Mine, alas! in Sable Robes appear;
 Thou see'st! and did'st Thou all my Sorrows know,
 Thy Eyes wou'd with a pious Stream o'erflow.
These! These! I had from my fond Bosom torn,
 Expos'd to savage Insolence, and Scorn!
 When once the Calm was into Tempests turn'd,
 It swept the Sons away, in vain the Mother mourn'd!
 Whilst I, alas! — with that, her pious Breast
 Was all dissolv'd, and Tears spoke out the rest.

With Breath recover'd, Here are (b) *These*, She said,
 Who lately flew to poor *Eusebia's* Aid;
These in their Mother's sacred Cause appear'd,
 For their discerning Eyes my Danger fear'd;
 By these Encourag'd, see my chearful Breast
 O'erflows with Joy, my Face in Smiles is drest,
 And I with Pleasure list my *Tow'ry* Crest:
 My *Kingdom* stands, my *Crown* is doubly bright,
 And owes it's *Lustre* to Affliction's *Night*.

A distant (c) Scene with wond'ring Eyes I see,
 A deep indeed, and secret *Tragedy*;
 Where Parts of Actors *Faux* and *Digby* bear,
 A *Subterraneous* Cavern is the *Theater*;

(a) Pointing to the *Martyrs* on her Left-Hand. (b) Pointing
 to Those on her Right-hand. (c) The *Powder-Plot*.

From Hell's *Divan* the Traytor surely came,
 (That dismal Harbour of *Sulphureous* Flame,)
 Who with such monstrous Crimes himself Contents;
 But Heav'n the fatal *Epilogue* prevents.

Loyola's Herd then thought to win the Day,
 Yet a few *Lines* the boasted Plot betray;
 A small *Epistle* brings the Deeds to Light,
 For tho't *miscarried*, yet it came *aright*.

Now let Them put their Wits to Work again,
 For sure This spurious Brat was form'd in vain;
 And good Success is to their Arts deny'd,
 Nor will th' *Eternal* help a *Regicide*!

This by their Fate they might have learn't before,
 When haughty *Spain* approach'd the *British* Shore,
 For all 'twas proudly styl'd *Invincible*,
 Their vast *Armado* by a (a) *Woman* fell:

Thus from the Snare was a whole People free'd,
 Before their Wills were ripen'd into Deed:
 Their Hopes are frustrate, from thy Loins there springs
 Great (b) *James*, a Progeny of *British* *KINGS*.

Thus Thy Own (c) *Charles*, amidst the sacred Flocks,
 Was, like Thy Self, Sincere and Orthodox;

(a) Queen Elizabeth. (b) King James I. (c) King Charles I.

A gentle Father of a graceless Land,
A *Charles le Bon*, as well as *Charles le Grand*.

Unhappy Day, which did an Exit bring
To the blest Empire of That Martyr'd King!

A King, who made *Religion's* Cause his Own!

Such was the Zeal by those brave (a) *Heroes* shown,
Who, by a *Faggot*, each obtain'd a *Throne*.

Imperious Fate had *Monarchs* slain before,

In *This* her Envy was discover'd more;

Even mighty *Cæsar* is no Parallel,

For *Cæsar* in the Honour'd Senate fell:

Our *Charles* more justly might of Fate complain,

As on an Ignominious Scaffold slain.

Low at His Feet *Three* Diadems were spread,

And each contended to Adorn his Head:

Yet when a Crown of *Thorns* was offer'd there,

He chuses *That*, His *Saviour's* Crown, to wear.

From *Papal* Tyrants once a *Fury* came,

And (b) *London's* Tow'rs involv'd in rolling *Flame*;

Triumphant o'er her Palaces it flew,

And even our wide *Metropolis* o'erthrew;

(a) The *Martyrs*. (b) The great Fire of *London*, in the Year 1666.

And blended with its native Dust, a-while,
 The fair *Emporium* of the *British Isle* :
 Stunn'd with the Sight, the sad Spectators found
 (a) *Paul's* stately Temple level'd with the Ground;
 Than which, 'till wounded by Celestial Fire,
 No *Dome* on Earth cou'd boast a Prouder *Spire*.
 But when Great *ANNA* fill'd the *Stuart's* Throne,
 (Who made the Welfare of the *Church* her *Own*)
 Then *Phoenix*-like, *It* soon began to rise (Skies.
 More Beauteous from the *Flames*, and soar'd amid the
 Auspicious *Princess*! This to Thee we owe,
 Next Heav'n, These Blessings from a *Stuart* flow!
 My Own *Eliza* Smiles Above to see
 The sacred Image of Her-self in Thee.
 How didst Thou rival Her exalted Fame,
 Your Motto's, and your Glory (b) *Still the Same* !
Justice and *Mercy* Thy *Supporters* stood,
 (One call'd Thee *Great*, the Other styl'd Thee *Good*)
 The First, with lifted Balance in her Hand,
 Prepar'd to execute thy Great Command :
 The Latter intercedes, and with a Smile
 Derives thy Blessings on thy Fav'rite *Isle*.

(a) *St. Paul's Church* was Burnt in the same Year, and it's *Spire*
 had been formerly destroy'd by Lightning. (b) *Semper Eadem*.

When awful *ANNA* bore unrival'd Sway,
 Even *Factions strove*, who soonest should Obey :
 Her Subject's Love was her Imperial Crown,
 Their Hands her *Scepters*, and their Hearts her *Throne*.

Fain wou'd I answer, when an Angel flew
 From Heav'n's high Vault, and wore the brightest Hue ;
 Swifter than Thought he came, and strung a Lyre,
 Whose sacred Sounds a gentle Warmth inspire,
 The vig'rous Accents, so compleat they seem,
 Unlock my Senses from the pleasing Dream.

The

The HYMN:

O R, A

PARAPHRASE on the 148th *Psalms*.

Begin the *SONG*, in Consort all unite,
To Praise Heav'n's *Monarch* in th' *Ethereal*
Height.

Ye glorious *Angels*, his *Celestial* Host,
Praise your *Preserver*, since you were not *lost*
With Those your *Brethren*, who, o'er-sworn with *Pride*;
Omnipotence it self to *Arms* defy'd.

Thou *Sun*, exalted for the World's bright *Eye*,
And his pale *Consort* in the nether *Sky*,
Praise the great *Author* of the *Day* and *Night*,
Who lent you *Glory* from his *Sourse* of *Light*:
On this low *World* you dart a weaker *Ray*,
Faint *Emblems* of His own unclouded *Day*.
Fairest of *Stars*, let your exalted *Quire*
Of softly-moving *Orbs*, in *Harmony* conspire.

Ye blue *Ethereal Heav'ns*, which form his *Throne*
And azure *Canopy*, your *Monarch* own;

Ye

Ye restless *Clouds*, which o'er th' *Horizon* fly,
Diffuse His Praises thro' your Native *Sky*;

At Whose Command, the fair Creation stood
In pleasing Pomp, while He pronounc'd it *Good*.

He said, Be *Fix'd*, thus far extended be
Thy *Bounds*, nor dare transgress my firm Decree.

Praise Him ye *Creatures* of the Foodful Earth,
Ye crested *Basilisks*, of monstrous Birth:
Ye *Serpents*, when your odious Notes you raise,
Convert your Hisses into Songs of Praise.

Praise Him ye Wonders of the wat'ry Deep,
Nor Thou *Leviathan* in *Silence* sleep.

You that on *Altars* burn, enliv'ning Fires,
To Him with *Incense* waft your curling Spires;
Ye *Storms*, proclaim His Pow'r, by whose Command,
Your Level'd *Terrors* shake a guilty Land.

Praise Him ye *Meteors*, and descending Balls
Of moulded Hail, that thickens as it Falls:

Let a new Voice to *silent Snows* be giv'n,
Softly-descending from their Native Heav'n;
Let harden'd *Ice*, whereon the *Sun-beam* plays,
At length *dissolve*, and lose it self in Praise.

Ye stately *Mountains*, and aspiring *Hills*,
Whose *Caverns* eccho with the tinkling Rills,

Let

Let your Resounding *Rocks* His Praise proclaim,
 And lift above your *Tops* His sacred Name.
 Ye lofty *Cedars*, and more humble *Trees*,
 Whose waving Branches Sport with ev'ry *Breeze*;
 Let ev'ry *Breeze*, that with your Branches plays,
 In gentle *Whispers* utter forth His Praise.

Let savage *Beasts*, that roam the Forest o'er,
 At length be *Silent*, and that God Adore,
 Who Speaks and Thunders with a louder *Roar* :
 Let bellowing *Herds* their thankful Voices raise,
 And let the *Flocks* in Pastures *bleat* His Praise.
 Even you low *Reptiles*, which in Caverns sleep,
 Or on the Ground in sinewy Traces creep;
 Tho' despicably Mean your Station be,
 Yet in this *Unison* of Praise Agree.
 Ye flying *Fowls*, from His known bounty springs
 The gaudy Richness of your painted Wings;
 Whene're those *Wings* to His own Heav'n you raise,
 Let your sweet *Voices* warble out His Praise.

Ye awful *Kings* and Judges of Mankind,
 To theirs let Your Exalted Praise be join'd;
 Ye mighty *Princes*, Earth's much-honour'd Names,
 The *King of Kings* your tributary Praises claims.

Ye beauteous *Youths* in sacred Strains rejoice,
 And you bright *Virgins* with a sweeter Voice :

See Youthful as your selves the *Seraphs* sing
 (Your Patterns now) the Glories of their King.
 Still let His Praise your rising Hearts inflame,
 From whose rich Stock your *Youth* and *Beauty* came.
 Ye *Sages*, who your Reason's Rules pursue,
 Praise Him that's *Elder* and more *Wise* than You.
 Let those that in their Innocence rejoice
 To his soft Praises tune their *Infant* Voice.

Exalt the Glories of th' Eternal King,
 And sweetly-sounding *Hallelujahs* sing;
 Let *shrill Hosannah's* animate your Mirth,
 For lo ! *His* Glory fills the Heav'n and Earth.

Let *Israel*, His peculiar People, raise
 Their grateful *Voice* in num'rous Hymns of Praise.

To

To a Young LADY, Coming Out of
MOURNING.

SO when o'erwhelm'd in Night the *Chaos* lay,
 With piercing *Flash* the first created Day
 Dawn'd thro' the Veil, and shew'd a brighter Ray;
 Fair as my *Celia*, when by Sorrow's aid,
 We saw that *Sun* attended with a Shade.
 To your own Picture, Heav'nly Nymph, repair,
 You'll see the Shades Set off your Person there,
 If in the Dead, why not the Living Fair?
 The Veil, which seems to Cover so much Grace,
 Still Recommends the Glories of your Face:
 As Stars *by Night* the fairest Lustre yield,
 Or lively *Sables* grace an *Argent* Field.
 For oh! such Charms that Heav'nly Visage wears,
 Thus wou'd appear an *Angel* bath'd in Tears;
 Since *Angels*, sure, some Pity must bestow,
 To see their Own fair Image weep below.
 Nor think that Tears dishonour your bright Eyes,
 Like Rain that trickles from such smiling Skies;
 For sure, by Weeping you're Disgrac'd no more,
 Than your Own Goddess was Disgrac'd before;

Ev'n *Venus* cou'd her Eyes in Sorrow sleep,
 And even the (a) *Laughter-loving Dame* cou'd *Weep* ;
 She mourn'd *Adonis* on the lonely Coast,
 (*Adonis*, Charming as the *Friend* You lost)

Yet from those Tears the Goddess rose again,
 More dazling Bright, like *Phæbus* after Rain.

Yet can I (*Cælia*) see thy Sorrows flow,
 Nor fondly melt in sympathetick Woe,
 Can that soft Heart Dissolve, and mine Obdurate grow?
 Forbid it Heav'n, I shou'd Ungrateful prove,
 Or make thy Clemency suspect my Love!
 No, thus I'll Musically Sympathize,
 My Verse shall be the *Chorus* to thy Sighs,
 And by the mighty Magick of a Lay,
 I'll charm the Melancholly Fiend away.

So when blind Rage the *Hebrew* King posselt,
 And like a *Serpent*, gnaw'd within his Breast,
 Young *David* strung his Lyre, the Monster knew
 The Charmer's Voice, he trembled, and withdrew.

At length, bright Nymph, deposing your Disguise,
 From your Eclipse with double Glory rise,
 Our Hearts enliven, and refresh our Eyes ;
 Else Meaner Beauties will emit their Ray,
 And foolishly pretend to give us Day,
 As *Cynthia* brightens, if the *Sun's* away.

(a) Φιλομενίδης (amans risus.) Ap. Hom.

*A Dialogue between VENUS and
CUPID: Paraphras'd from LUCIAN.*

V E N U S.

P Rithee resolve thy Mother's Doubts, my Dear,
 (Thy Mother's Doubts her Son alone can clear,) }
 Since all thy Pow'r with due Submission fear; }
 Since all are voluntary Slaves to Love,
 Quite up from *Pluto* to his Brother *Jove*,
 Why can't Thou not subdue *Minerva's* Heart,
 Who hates thy Person, and who scorns thy Dart?
 You may remember how the Gods became
 Your Vassals, and perceiv'd your subtle Flame;
 How oft has *Juno* pin'd with soft Desire;
 Ev'n wat'ry *Neptune* cannot quench Thy Fire.
Pallas alone, th' imperious *Pallas* dares
 To scorn a Chain her happier Father wears.

C U P I D.

Forbear, dear Parent, to require the Cause
 Why proud *Minerva* tramples on my Laws;
 I well remember, once I took a Dart,
 Child that I was! and went to strike her Heart;
 In vain my Flame I labour'd to conceal,
 For ev'n that very Flame wou'd me reveal.

In

In her Right-Arm a Spear the Goddess bore,
 And something Dreadful on her Left she wore ;
 So terrible to Sight, I needs must own,
 It almost turn'd my Godship to a Stone.

V E N U S.

Prithee, my Boy, don't tremble thus all o'er,
 And let these Terrors swell thy Breast no more ;
Mars was in Roughness, sure, surpass'd by few,
 Yet own'd thy Conquest, and thy Captive grew.

C U P I D.

Rough *Mars*, 'tis true, ne'er question'd yet my Might,
 I always Worst him when he comes to Fight,
 Yet he's so charm'd with his Captivity,
 He thinks he Conquers, when he Falls by Me.
Mamma ! your own Experience best can tell
 How much he Triumphs, and he Loves — how well :
 But when *Minerva Cupid* sees or hears,
 Heav'ns ! what Commotion in her Face appears !
 ' And what think You to Conquer Me (she cries)
 " Because your Mother once obtain'd the Prize ?
 " That Golden Prize th' imperious Mother won,
 " And now she bids Defiance with her Son.
 " She won, 'tis true, by those her boasted Charms,
 " The Prize of Beauty, not the Prize of Arms ;

" Tho'

“ Tho’ soon I cou’d Your puny Force destroy,
 “ Inglorious were the Triumph o’er a Boy.
 Thus loud she Threatens, and extends her Spear,
 And, sure, an *Infant* has some Cause to fear.

V E N U S.

’Tis strange, methinks, the God of War shou’d yield,
 And yet the Weaker Goddess keep the Field.
 But tell me, *Cupid*, why thy Darts, in fine,
 Are vainly scatter’d on the Tuneful Nine;
 Have They a dreadful *Gorgon*, or a Spear,
 A Lance to brandish, or a Shield to wear?

C U P I D.

Their Minds, *Mamma*, are bent on Nobler Arts,
 And not at Leisure to receive my Darts :
 And shou’d I Roguish, or Unlucky grow,
 Their beauteous Modesty disarms the Foe.
 Another God the Muses chuse to follow,
 And run a Gadding after Their *Apollo*.

V E N U S.

We’ll grant the Muses are compleatly grac’d
 With modest Looks, we’ll grant ’em wond’rous Chast,
 Yet why’s *Diana*, with her Virgin Train,
 Sooth’d to no Purpose, and Carefs’d in Vain?

C U P I D.

Alas ! *Mamma*, *Diana's* Skill you know,
 To launch the Spear, or pull the Silver Bow,
 When'ere a Shaft is level'd at her Heart,
 She Stroke for Stroke returns, and Dart for Dart :
 Vanquish'd at length poor *Cupid* scouts away,
 And fearful as the Fawns she makes her Prey ;
 I tremble when her Shafts are flown abroad,
 The *Infant* rises, and o'ercomes the *God*.

V E N U S.

And yet her (a) Brother, yes, her Brother fell,
 Himself with Bow and Quiver arm'd as well.
 Whilst you, my Boy, these diff'rent Aims pursue,
 And fly the Goddess, but the God subdue,
 The weaker is the stronger Sex with You.
 Thus oft when Lightning shoots a long the Skies
 Man's solid Bone it pierces as it flies,
 Whose softer Skin it's subtle Pow'r defies.

(a) *Apollo*.

F I N I S